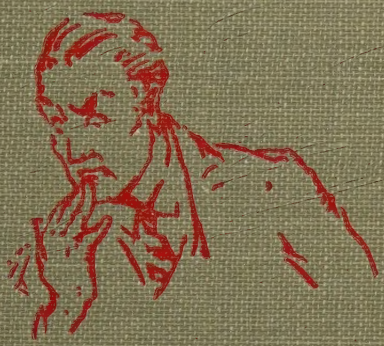

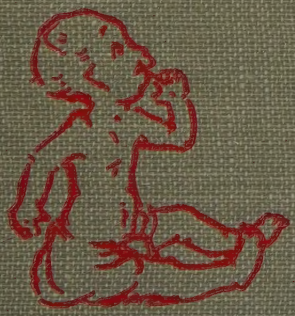

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Father's First Two Years

Father's First Two Years

BY

FAIRFAX DOWNEY

WITH DRAWINGS BY

MARGARET FREEMAN

NEW YORK
MINTON, BALCH & COMPANY
1925

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TO

MY WIFE

without whom the inspiration for
this book would scarcely have been
possible

Humble apologies and admiration herewith are tendered Dr. Richard M. Smith, author of "The Baby's First Two Years," who began his chapter on how to travel with a baby with the splendid sentiment, "In the first place, don't!"

For permission to reprint some of these brochures on babes, thanks are due *Life, The Saturday Evening Post, The New York Tribune, The Kansas City Star, The Younger Set, The Detroit Athletic Club News, The Ladies' Home Journal, The Country Gentleman, The Elks Magazine, Judge,* and the *Yale Alumni Weekly.*

And those due thanks are hereby given in the name of all un-laureled fatherhood including

F. D.

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FOREWORD

Excellent books have been written for new babies —their care, their diet and development, their clothes and how to travel with 'em on the choo-choo with least grief. Nor have new mothers been neglected. Handy volumes offer them ample advice.

But New Fathers? For centuries they have gone uncoached, unhonored and unnoticed. They have carried on in that inconspicuous—but indispensable, mind you—part they played first as the bridegroom at the wedding. No one has seemed to care how *they* got on, what *they* weighed. The early periods of their fatherhood have been characterized by lamentable indifference as to what they ate or how. Their only training, how to avoid being in the way; their happiest lot, self-effacement. To be brutally frank, nobody gives a darn whether their hair curls or not—or even whether it stays in.

Hence this little book by, for, and of the submerged half—if that is not too flattering a fraction for fathers. May it result in, as Horatius said during his famous bridge finesse, "a little justice."

FIRST THE INFANT

"Last the father, sans drag, sans cash, sans everything."

—Shakespeare.

FATHER'S FIRST TWO YEARS

Authorities, including wives, agree that husbands should be tipped off in advance that they are to become fathers, if for no other reason that they can later be informed, "I told you so." Methods range from that of expectant wives of King Solomon who were severally wont to whisper to him, "There are going to be three of us, dear," to the following in the movie manner.

BREAKING THE NEWS TO THE NEW FATHER

WE all of us may learn something from the movies —if nothing else, what *not* to do. Witness the innumerable "big scenes" where the blindly thoughtless husband is about to fling out into the night, deserting forever the sincere at heart but temporarily frivolous young wife. Abuse, recriminations, tears, all have failed. As the husband dashes back into the room for the last time—he has forgotten his gray

suede spats—he sees the wife hurriedly concealing a sewing basket and snatches it from her.

Ah, gentle reader, what is there in the sewing basket so hurriedly concealed and so rudely snatched?

Right! In the sewing basket so hurriedly concealed and so rudely snatched are Tiny Garments!

A Little Stranger, so it would appear, is coming.

Nothing now is possible, in accordance with all the best regulated movie traditions, but reconciliation and the registration of much joy.

The device of the Tiny Garments was all very well back in the days when the films used to flicker so they hurt your eyes and the movie captions writers didn't try to "say it with flowers." But it has been utilized since with such appalling frequency that it has become a movie maxim of unfailing effectiveness that any wife to calm any husband simply has to flash a shirt, infant's size, at him.

Things have got to such a state that in real life an entirely exemplary husband is apt to shy at the sight of a layette or be terribly startled when his wife, during a slight tiff takes a tea towel out of her sewing basket. That comes of such a superfluity of utterly flabbergasted prospective papas in the movies. The screen has overwhelmed us with whisperings of the Glad Secret.

The scenarist has a happy ending in view from the

moment when he causes the wife to murmur in one of the ears of her husband who recoils registering departed wrath and arrived amazement. The caption writer crashes through for him with:

"YOU MEAN——!"

She does. You can tell it by her downcast eyes. As for the husband, he will continue looking astonished until the caption:

"CAME A DAY"

when he will receive the requested permission from a bearded physician to tiptoe into the boudoir, raise the coverlet and share with the audience a close-up of the rather startling features of the "extra" who has been cast as the Little Stranger.

And so it goes and will go on in the movies until some genius provides about-to-be-deserted wives with some less obvious method of restraining husbands about to exit in rage, such as a lasso or a grappling hook or a combination boomerang and custard pie.

Thus or otherwise warned, the father will do well to look to his health and make advance arrangements. With the greatest secrecy, however. It is highly radical.

PREPARATIONS FOR FATHERHOOD

WHEN a gentleman realizes that he is to become a father, he should at once set about making ready for what is known as "the interesting event." First he should consult a reliable physician. The consultation generally consists in the prospective parent asking, "How much?" The doctor tells him what he charges and administers a restorative. Then the father-to-be is advised not to rest and to save all the money he can by dieting.

The next step for the expectant father is the selection of a hospital. In making that choice, he must consider the following all-important points.

(1) Is there a paternity room or refuge?

(2) If not, are the hallways

- (a) draughty
- (b) devoid of benches
- (c) posted against trespassing?

(3) Is capital punishment inflicted for smoking?

(4) Are the superintendents and nurses fairly tolerant of a mere husband and father?

(5) If not, how hard is the front doorstep?

In case it is necessary to subsidize an ambulance for the journey home, it will be well to ascertain if there is room inside for more besides mother, infant(s), nurses, grandmothers and assorted aunts. Papas attempting to hook on behind have in the past been discouraged.

Finally, it is wise to be primed to answer properly such frequently recurring questions as—"Did you get just what you wanted?" "Isn't baby cute?" and "Isn't it great to be a daddy?" (N. B. The answer in each case is yes.)

In the gathering of equipment, the father is able to make for himself another forehanded preparation. Certainly nobody will make them for him. All is in behalf of the little new life—nothing for the big old life, widely considered more or less misspent.

THE NEW FATHER'S LAYETTE

WHEN a new baby arrives in the home, the following furniture and equipment should be provided for the room of the new father:

Six (6) bottles labeled—well, labels don't mean anything nowadays, so never mind the labels.

One (1) low bed. The lower it is, the quicker the father will hit the floor when asked to rise at night and see if "that wasn't baby crying."

One (1) pen. New fathers around the house are continually getting in the way. A good stout pen or corral solves the problem.

Six (6) towels to add to father's previous supply, subject to appropriation for baby.

One (1) tin bathtub for use by father instead of regular tub, which is reserved.

Twelve (12) pairs of socks to replace worn ones which no one will have time to darn.

A supply of toys, which must include a second fiddle.

Three (3) gags.

Two (2) cold storage humidors for cigars and cigarettes to be smoked "somewhere outside the house."

—and—

One (1) pair of delicate scales to weigh the new father's bank account.

Indeed, all that has been written thus far on the economic side of fatherhood consists of a number of alarmingly large checks. It is high time something more constructive was set down.

CONGRATULATIONS NOT IN ORDER

LET those who would bring a happy and a lasting glow to proud recent fathers eschew:

"Congratulations. That increases your personal exemption on your income tax by $400."

Said fathers have doubtless been busy wondering what old and confirmed bachelor in the Bureau of Internal Revenue calculated that $400 per offspring was fair and equitable exemption. The picture of him which his handiwork conjures up in the imagination is of a severe taciturn man, who has led the life of a recluse—which is possible in an accounting department. Of course he is adept in all manner of mathematics, but he thinks of multiplication solely as an arithmetical process.

Family tradition has it that he himself was a well-behaved child. He was seldom ill and the doctor's bills which he brought down upon his parents were negligible. And then he was careful about his clothes.

He didn't go in for mud puddles and jam jars and rolling on the floor and sliding down cellar doors. He was just as careful of the furniture and interior decorations as he was of his person and garments. Writing on the wall and putting his parents to the expense of repapering was something that never entered his head. He never had the instincts of a wrecking crew toward tabourets and fragile knick-knacks, and the chinaware was far safer in his hands than it was in the maid's.

In fact he was a model child and the cost of his rearing was very low indeed.

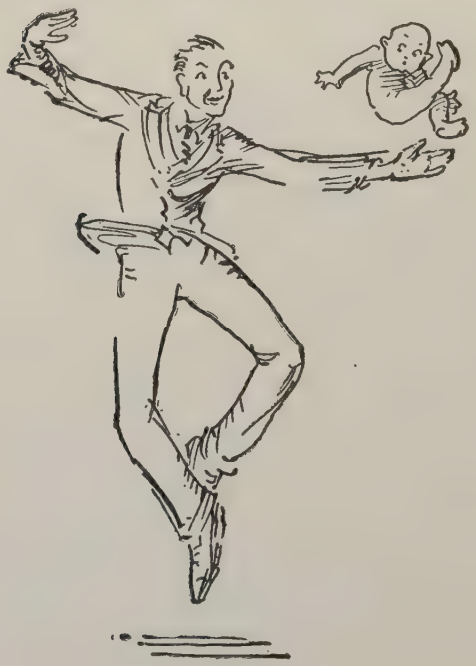
It is true that living expenses have risen somewhat since that day—at least for adults, for he has himself been sensible of increased prices, though his wants are modest. But the complexities of life cannot have affected children so much and, so far as he knows, they can be raised satisfactorily at very little more cost than he was. Besides, according to the income tax form, children cease to be dependent at the age of eighteen. And the old bachelor holds hard by the opinions and beliefs of the tax form.

The old fellow is rather in favor of doing away with the exemption of tax-exempt securities, radical though such a step would be. But as for increasing the exemption of these securities, the bonds of matrimony, never!

To the foregoing is added an epilogue in order that the vengeful passions of no collector of internal revenue be aroused. After all, $400 *is* $400.

ECONOMIC ODE TO AN INFANT

Oh, little stranger in the cradle,
Your funny face I'm much afraid'll
Provoke remarks from friends and others—
Your looks are mine and not your mother's.
I'll grant that. But your presence whacks
Four hundred off *my* income tax.



Why that decision should be made or any controversy should rage from the very first as to whom baby looks like when it doesn't look like much of anything is one of the mysteries fathers encounter. For their own later protection, paters should unite in answering the riddle with "I'll give up." Let the rest of the family fight it out.

THE BATTLE OF BABY'S LOOKS

THE Battle of Whom Baby Looks Like began as shortly after the birth of the infant as members of the family could inspect it. Mother won a slight advantage in the preliminary skirmish, largely technical, it being secretly conceded by all combatants that as yet Baby didn't look like much of anything.

The first overt act was an attack by Aunt Araminta on the pretense Baby had her nose. She was repulsed by allies who yielded ground at first and then counter-attacked with the declaration that maybe Baby had her nose now but there was every chance of his soon getting over it.

Grandfather entered the fray with a verbal volley

to the effect that Baby was the living image of him and any fool would grant it who looked at those lines at the corners of the little fellow's eyes. Grandfather swore he would fight it out on those lines if it took all summer, but he was routed by relatives who could talk louder.

It was the general opinion that Uncle Oscar was waging uncivilized warfare when he dug in with a claim to the child's resembling him. Uncle Oscar, you see, was liberally provided with the sinews of war. But it was decided at an armistice council that it was enough to name a kid after a rich uncle without burdening the lad otherwise.

By that time, however, Baby had developed sufficiently to assure all he was going to be no beauty. So peace was declared on the unanimously accepted terms that Baby looked just like Father and no mistake.

The foregoing hints how matters are often decided. "Heads of houses," however, are sometimes called into consultation. Upon recovering from their surprise, they should endeavor to contribute something intelligent. One opportunity given them is bestowing a name on the little daughter who may some day walk up the aisle on papa's arm at a nice, big, expensive wedding.

ON NAMING DAUGHTERS

WHILE christening a son is a matter for momentous deliberation, fathers—and mothers too for that matter, are guilty of culpable negligence when bestowing a forename on a daughter.

The Junior to Senior, those dynastic-looking suffixes, like John Smith III, rich uncles and the President of the United States are reserved for male namesakes. For the girls, it's just any old thing that will label her. It isn't right and fair to somebody who is going to vote when she's of age if she darn pleases.

In the olden days, one had recourse to the family

Bible. It was a rich mine of suggestions of names from past centuries on the distaff side. It was a book of record and ready reference. Alas, seldom so now. Fathers and mothers merely cast about in their minds for feminine appellations other than those borne by old sweethearts of the former.

Numerous contingencies may arise prior to the bringing of the infant to the baptismal font, tag, long dress and godparents complete. There is for example the problem of whether a daughter shall be named after her mother. The answer to that may well be, "No!" Reflect. From the moment the child ceases to be known as "It" and "Baby," confusion sets in. Calls for "Dorothy" in the household evoke responses both in a mellow contralto and a childish treble. You must then amplify your summons, stating whether you want "Big Dorothy" or "Little Dorothy"—or otherwise, "Young Dorothy" or "Old Dorothy." And those are distinctions which may carry little joy, especially to the ear of the girlish mother who firmly believes that in later years she and her daughter are going to be taken by everybody for sisters.

Families of both parents may be consulted on a name for a daughter, but not so closely as for a son. This, however, is a phase of the question which varies so greatly it does not admit of generalization. Let

it suffice to paraphrase the quotation about fooling the people, to wit—You can please all the family some of the time and some of the family all the time, but you can't please all the family all the time.

In any event, let this plea stand for more consideration and ceremony in the christening of daughters. Surely they deserve it as much as a ship, and they may well be the occasion for—not the breaking of a bottle of champagne (perish the thought!) but for the splitting of one, if available.

Baby is named but once—exhibited often. In this a father should be forgetful of self. That will make it unanimous. But let him not forget the welfare of his bachelor friends. If he must exhibit his young to them, let him make it snappy. A horrible example of the other course, the case of a veteran male parent who should have known better, is here introduced.

FIRST AID TO FATHER'S BACHELOR FRIENDS

Scene—A sitting room. A bachelor discovered calling on young parents. He is made aware the home contains infants by the trend of the parents' conversation and the sound of sundry mewlings from the floor above.

Bach. (*dutifully*)—I wish I could see the baby.

Mother (*tearfully*)—He only wants to see one of the babies.

Father—Old man, we—

Bach.—You misunderstood me. I said "babies." I want to see 'em both.

Mother (*more tearfully*)—He only wants—

Father—Old man, we—

Bach. (*hastily*)—I mean I want to see 'em all. But I know there isn't a chance this late.

Mother—Oh, but there is! You can see the babies. You can gaze on the little darlings sleeping.

Bach. (*with resignation, hypocrisy and simulation*)—Splendid, splendid.

Enter a nurse with an aggregation of babies.

Mother—Sh!

Father—Sh, sh!

Bach. (*not to be outdone*)—Sh, sh, sh!

First Baby—Wah!

Second Baby—Wah! Wah!

Third Baby—Wah! Wah! Wah!

Father—Now you've done it. You've waked them.

Bach.—I'm frightfully sorry. (*changing subject*) What a lovely layout they have.

Mother—You must mean, layette.

Bach.—Oh, of course. (*to first baby*) This is going to be a big, strong, husky bruiser some day, isn't he?

Mother—Gracious! That's my little girl.

Bach. (*to second baby, more cautiously*)—Well, I know this little one will turn out to be a success in any undertaking, won't it?

Father—Don't call my little son "it."

Bach. (*to third baby, desperately*)—Goo, goo, what tind of an 'ittle sweetums is oo?

Third Baby—Mother, what *is* the man saying?

The Mother and Father point to the first baby who is so young she doesn't look like anything in particular except any other baby. They turn toward the Bachelor.

Mother and Father (*simultaneously*)—Isn't she just the image of me?

Bach. (*utterly defeated*)—Yes.

All Babies—WAH! WAH! WAH!

This earliest period of fatherhood may be closed with an allegory applicable in the matter of telling babies apart. It was King Solomon, you know, who after a shuffle insisted on cutting.

KING SOLOMON HANDETH DOWN DECISION

NEWLY discovered archives on a famous old decision tell the story this way, although, like Lot's wife, they must be taken with a grain of salt.

One day when King Solomon the Wise was sitting in juvenile court two women appeared before him and laid claim to the same child. Both women attempted to tell their story but each was hastily silenced by her lawyer.

"Your Honor," began the first attorney, "my client claims this child is hers by all the laws and the prophets. When she separated from her husband last year, the high court of the Hittites awarded her the custody of the child. Now I may have to cite the case of ——", etc.

When the first lawyer stopped for breath in an hour or so, the second began to read a brief.

"Whereas the party of the first part asserts the party of the second part moved, transferred and otherwise transposed or substituted the body of the child, deceased, of the party of the second part ——" etc.

Finally the patience of King Solomon, which was nowhere near on a par with Job's, gave out.

"Bring me a sword!" he cried.

A sword was brought.

Here, the old records have it, the royal judge made as though to divide the child between the alleged mothers.

"Take yon sword and behead the attorneys!" was the order of the court as our new chronicles give it.

Whereat the first woman began counting up on her fingers how many shekels she would save in lawyer fees.

But the second woman began to tell the child in baby talk she would never raise her boy to be a lawyer.

"The court awards the child to the second woman," King Solomon said and smiled. For the monarch was very fond of children—in fact, had several little ones of his own.

A little summary at the end of this, the first period, will serve to show the new-made sire just where he stands.

FATHER

From Mother's Standpoint:

Disbursing officer and Headquarters for adjustment of claims.

A trial.

More in the way around the house than any other piece of furniture.

"Not responsible unless checked by the management."

A selfish brute who is actually jealous of dear little baby.

From Baby's Standpoint:

That strange man all the time turning up like a bad penny.

A big clumsy creature who occasionally tries to do something for me and always dubs it.

A giant who incomprehensibly was not on Jack the Giant Killer's list of prospects.

A good one to make the goat of anything.
The night watchman.

And from His Own Standpoint, as he finally is forced to believe:

O

THE CARE OF THE CHILD

"The child is father to the man, if you get what I mean."

—Alex. Pope.

As his paternity grows older, the new father will find himself getting let in for more and more duties. Perhaps he has yielded too gracefully. At any rate, the bars are let down and it is impressed upon him that he and his offspring are after all "both members of this club."

TO HAVE AND TOE HOLD

BOUTS between fathers and babies under the A. A. U. rules are becoming more and more a feature of the sports calendar in the wrestling division. Enthusiastic audiences this season have witnessed a number of hard-fought matches in which novel holds were tried and (generally) broken by the infants. Adherents of the sport see a great future for it, providing it is kept on a strictly amateur basis.

The most thrilling of the contests take place between a new father, who previously had refused to handle any baby whatsoever, and his first-born. The infant is preferably a very squirmy and slippery type. The match is called by the mother's thrusting the baby into the arms of the terrified male parent and giving the word to start by the formula:

"Here, you hold it for a while. It's just as much your child as it is mine."

Unable to break away, the father takes a loose and awkward hold from which his agile opponent instantly twists almost free. The umpires warn:

"Take care! You'll drop him (her) (it)!"

Dropping the baby would, of course, disqualify the father.

The father next usually manages a half-Nelson and baby counters with a little expert jiu-jitsu and an eye-gouge, which the umpires smilingly condone. Father now on his mettle shifts to several other holds. Comment from the ringside scintillates.

"Aren't men clumsy?"

"Gracious! He's trying to crush the poor child's bones!"

It is after baby has broken a strangle lock and a scissors that father resorts to the famous toe hold, accompanying it with the usual banter:

" 'Iss 'ittle pig went to market," etc.

It avails him nothing, however, for baby begins to cry, thus winning the match. The umpires take the infant and tap it on the back in token of victory. Whereupon it relapses into a smug and significant silence.

A pater familias, though heavily handicapped, may persist in wrestling, as it were, with fate. He would save time and futile effort if he yielded him straightway, took the oath of fealty and acknowledged his liege lord.

THE UNCROWNED KING

Some say the day of kings is done,
That sovereigns no more hold their sway;
Empires are shattered, realms are gone,
Which once were monarchs' to survey.
Vassals and serfs have ceased to be;
Vanished is right and might divine.
Folks say from autocrats we're free—
But they know not the fate that's mine.

A tyrant's foot is on my neck,
His is the sternest rule of all.
I'm subject to his every beck,
Whatever hour he may call.
Food I purvey when he would sup,
Served by his handmaids standing by;
When he would quaff I fill his cup
Though he may spew it in my eye.

I drag his chariot around,
For not a step he deigns to walk.

I grovel to him on the ground,
  And tune my ear to catch his talk.
You say that potentates are not?
  That few to princes bend a knee?
Wait! There is one whom you've forgot—
  My year-old son, His Majesty!

But it is not enough to be a subject race. The times must be kept up to—those times behind which the "Governor" is so often seen to be. One of the saddest contrasts in this world of ours is the modern generation with the old fashioned progenitor.

THE YOUNGER SET

THE most alarming thing about the younger set is that it is getting younger and less set every year. "Buds" are ready to blossom out into society earlier, sub-debbing is in order at a more tender age and children's parties, whose guests have a strange air of sophistication, nowadays are not requiring walking and talking to be among the social graces of those attending.

Mothers have complained and fathers have noted that it is becoming increasingly difficult to induce babies to retire at night, and, oddly enough, to rise early in the morning. A marked fondness is being displayed for breakfast in bed.

Experts on child training are advising parents against calling baby's first steps "toddling." They

point out that the step is very much out of date and that it is unwise to irritate the child by the term.

And stories? They must at least be modern. Mother Goose in the original no longer has a chance. Son or daughter will listen only if it is related that it was Charles Chaplin who "met the pieman going to the fair" or if it is suggested that if the Queen of Hearts only had been guarded by two little ones, according to all the laws of bridge, the Knave never would have taken that tart trick.

Yes, the younger set is dating earlier and earlier. Fathers may soon expect to hear it phrased that some small heiress was born, not with the conventional spoon, but with a silver cigarette holder in her mouth.

No amount of sophistication can soft pedal the ecstasies gone into over baby's bath. Baby's begetter really should be allowed to throw a threnody or something over his own tubbing in which, perhaps, he becomes an opportunist.

FATHER AT THE BATH

Since Baby's owned the bathroom, I
Possess no means my form to dry.
So when I from the tub rebound,
I imitate the humble hound.
The soap is hid in a retreat,
Since Baby thought it good to eat.
My banishment is only right—
My bath is not a cunning sight.
Attempts at shaving all were queered;
That's why I wear this flowing beard.
To clean my pearly teeth I slink
Out to the kitchen and its sink.
I wait for my paternal bath
And only rise up in my wrath,
When rubber duck or fish of tin
Lurks in the tub I'm seated in.

Though almost an exile from the bath, the Old Man is not scorned as perambulator motive power or for a tour of guard duty. Let him consider the lesson in the papoose.

THE BABY CHECKING PRIVILEGE

IN marked contrast to the case of hats and overcoats, very little seems to have been done in the matter of minding babies while their owners are otherwise entertained or occupied. Of course, there are (*Fr. il y a; Ger. es gibt; Eng. try and get 'em.*) nurses, but nurses, according to latest style forecasts, are going out. Formerly mothers were left home with babies quite frequently, but now that is not being done. Consequently the matter of checking offspring has become a prime concern of outward bound fathers. For them the following system adapted to most ports of call, have been thoughtfully devised.

Clubs

The checking facilities of clubs often are heavily taxed and it cannot be denied that the charge of

young of members would be no slight additional strain. But it is often a question of both or neither. The presence of vocal infants in the clubs would lend a touch of home life and remind the bachelor resident members of what they are missing, causing them to retire to the fastnesses of their rooms and renew their leases for another five years. Also it would accustom the membership to the idea of a project long cherished in the hearts of many wives: the setting aside during a series of ladies' days of the swimming pool, thus insuring an opportunity for unrestricted splashing and a really adequate audience at the ceremony of baby baths.

Theaters

Audiences are bound to be increased by just so many fathers when the musical cries of the ushers in the lobby are altered to, "Check your hats and overcoats *and* babies. No waiting after the show." Doubtless you would have to stand in line some time afterward to get your baby, but that is minor. The suggestion has been made that at musical shows and vaudeville an aperture be pierced in the walls of such check rooms enabling the children to catch some of the jokes. They might laugh at them. And keeping the checked amused would be half the battle. Failing that, a second plan provides that a

member of the orchestra preferably the oboe or saxophone player, call for any dissatisfied infant, disappear with it through that burrow that serves the musicians for an exit, and amuse it until tranquil. Another thought embodies those brackets intended to hold hats underneath theater seats. Hats don't fit in them. Maybe babies would.

Restaurants and Cabarets

Fear has been expressed that rather an exorbitant tip might be demanded for checking your baby in such expensive haunts. The countermove recommended is that the patron threaten to bring his offspring to the table and allow it to feed there in the customary haphazard manner. That would take considerable out of the profit on the cover charge.

Movies

The presence of infants in movie theaters would, of course, involve the sacrifice of the term, "The Silent Drama," but inventors who have been striving to make the films audible ought not to object to a little outside volunteer assistance. Besides, "little strangers" would increase the gate and might well be lulled to sleep by the monotonous chant of spectators reading the captions aloud.

Card Games

The convenient parking of one's small dependent in an adjoining room would permit of many more jolly evenings with the boys. But the intrinsic value of that practice lies in the fact that sooner or later in the course of the play, baby is certain to wake and cry. If you are ahead of the game, it is well to rush in, get the child wider awake, return gloomily and remark, "Sorry, boys. I'll have to take the kid home." If behind, a lump of sugar, carried in the waistcoat pocket for administration in such emergencies, will permit the game to continue to perhaps a more happy eventuality.

Sick Friends

This device used for years by fathers on an outing has become somewhat worn and thin. The idea of checking the baby should revive it, however, and make it as good as new. When the father returns home late with the baby of which he has been given charge, he is examined as usual by his life partner and replies also as usual, "Well, my dear, I was sitting up with a sick friend." "Yes, you were," is the skeptical response of his severest critic. "With that rollicking crony of yours, Bill Jones, I dare say."

"No, no," the father answers instantly. "It was Baby who was a trifle ill and I didn't like to move her. But she's all right now and here we both are home, my dear."

TRAINING

"Discipline must be enforced at all times."

—Infantry Drill Regulations.

Fathers who have served in the army or navy are anxious to organize offspring so that they will snap to it at the word of command. To that end they constitute themselves a Court Martial, only to find their decisions superseded by mothers more highly constituted into a Court Partial. Paternal recourse consists in seeing sermons in moans, books in bawling babes and good in everything.

THE CHILD COMPOSER

THERE now remain but few of the arts which the Child Prodigy has not picked on, played with and mastered. Such has been the vogue of young genius, that any authoress, for instance, who could write her age in one figure, could write her royalties in five. Literature and Art were the first to be converted into childish playthings and put on a paying basis. Juvenilia, which the proud parents of the offspring used to force their dinner guests to listen to or inspect, actually came to be sought after.

There have been child prodigies in Music, but only as performers. Now the London *Times,* quoting

William Platt in the *British Journal of Psychology*, comes forward and declares children have invaded the field of musical composition. A boy of eight and a girl of five were heard singing an original duet as they crossed Hamptstead Heath. Even more remarkable was the piece of music which was published as developed from a melody "crooned" by a babe only four and one-half months old, says the *Times*.

That revelation was a startling one to me. Not only from its intrinsic interest and the knowledge that thousands of dollars could be earned by such a child but also because it explains for me a baffling experience I had with my son about three o'clock the other morning. My son is only three months old, a month and a half younger than the child who crooned the original melody, I may add with some pride.

I failed to understand it at the time, when I heard a noise from my son's crib. In my ignorance I thought the sound was a peevish wail. Now I know that it may well have been the opening bars from an original concerto in G minor!

To my shame be it said that I turned over in my bed and ignored the music. The first movement in the concerto which had been almost *pianissimo* then was repeated somewhat *allegro*, as my son began to warm to the composition of his prelude. At that

point with my elbow I dug my wife in the ribs. I wanted her to share the sound with me. But alas, my act was not inspired by any altruistic desire that she also be an enthralled auditor of what I now realize to have been divine harmonies. On the contrary, my object was that she take some measures to still it.

My wife muttered a few cross words to me and commenced to sing a lullaby. I now comprehend why it seemed so discordant, intruding as it did on a melody which I doubt if Beethoven at the age of three months, or even six months, could have equalled. My son, like the true genius he is, politely waited for the interruption to cease; then continued to extemporize.

By that time he had progressed to his definite theme. To me whose ears had not been opened by the revelation in the *Times* it sounded very much like, "waa—waa—yah—WOW!"

With that as a motif, my son sang on his clear treble. In the course of three hours that night, I am now convinced I was the unwitting and unappreciative audience of a fugue, a gavotte, a sonata and an oratorio.

And I—I held my ears. Then I arose impatiently, flinging off the covers, and strode to my son's crib. I snatched him up. I trod the length of the room with him. It availed nothing.

Just as my son was in the midst of what must have been a particularly solemn choral chant, surcharged with religious feeling, I bumped into the sharp corner of the bureau! I still shudder to think of the ill-timed exclamations to which I gave vent.

My wife then gave the child a bottle of milk. Genius which had been so eloquent when starved was silent. The remarkable performance was over.

Music lovers would have paid thousands of dollars to have heard it.

Since the revelation of what I heard that night has burst upon me, I have lain awake for nights, a blank score and a pencil clutched in either hand, a recording phonograph, all wound up, at my elbow.

And the blamed kid hasn't let out a peep!

Composer? Lawyer? Merchant Chief? The father must early envision what baby will be, no matter how terrific the strain on the imagination.

THE BUSINESS CAREER OF A BUSINESS-LIKE BABY

Being a Bad Dream with a Basis

I FOUND myself walking down a street and halting opposite an imposing building. Above the portal was a great gilt sign:

BABY, INC.
All Kinds of Wrecking

Directly, a diminutive and vaguely familiar figure emerged from the entrance. He wore a stovepipe hat, a cutaway coat and his loins were girt up with a towel.

The personage recognized me at once. I peered more closely at him. It was my small son. He commenced to talk rapidly and volubly, but unintelligibly as usual.

"Just a minute, son," I begged. "I'll get your mother. She always seems to be able to understand what you're saying, which is more than I do."

Opportunely the interpreter entered.

"Baby says it's about time you dropped around to look over his firm," she translated proudly. "He's been set up in business for himself for a year now without your showing the slightest interest. You always were rather unsympathetic when he first began to assert his talents by breaking up things around the house."

The child glanced quizzically, taking evident satisfaction in my astoundment. He reached for my package of cigarettes and tore them all up. It was a habit of his. Again he broke into conversation.

"He says he's engaged in the wrecking business," his mother explained. "He's been very successful. He now has a contract with the U. S. Treasury to destroy all the worn out banknotes. He replaces the special machines they had for the purpose. You recall the thoroughness of his work—that time he tore up that $10 bill of yours. You were hopping mad, Daddy, but now look what that slight bit of practice has led to."

"Humph," I grunted, a trace of bitterness in my voice. Baby jabbered on.

"One of the most important departments of our

son's work is with the paper mills," the translator continued. "All the largest ones retain him, he says. He tears and pulverizes all the cloth used in manufacturing the product. He says you ought to see him make it fly. People have stopped calling this the age of machinery since he got into operation."

"Are you doing anything more artistic, son?" I ventured.

Baby sputtered, chortled, squealed, mumbled and burbled. His mother beamed understandingly.

"He certainly is," mother declared. "Why, he's turning a pretty penny in the movies. Perhaps even you foresaw that. They call him in, he tells me, when they have a particularly large lot of china to be broken or a great deal of food to be thrown around. He says he likes art as a relaxation from business and he wonders if you recall that time he broke up several bottles of your private stock with a shoe form. He is sure the movies have a great future. He——"

"Well?" I prompted, as expected.

"Baby says," she relayed, "that you may quote him as saying that the movies as an art are still in their infancy!"

Your old men—how children do age one!—will dream dreams. But why the almost universal neglect of the spoken word as it passes father's ordinarily tight-closed lips?

QUOTE FATHER, UNQUOTE BABY

WHILE a mother may repeat cute sayings by baby now and then, equally quaint remarks by father might just as well go unuttered for all the circulation they get.

A reversal of the practice would be refreshing and might actually be effected during those early months when by what some regard as the act of a kind providence baby is unable to talk. Father will be found to be articulate then, if one only listens to him. Later on when the cunning things baby says begin to mount up, the male parent enters upon a long silence. Therefore while there is yet time let mothers regale each other and all who will listen as follows:

"What do you suppose George said when he was first shown the baby? You'll never guess! The drollest thing! The nurse held baby up in front of him and he spoke right up and said, 'Gosh, it's red!' "

"Father was in the room the other day when I was playing with our little new baby and talking baby talk. Father didn't seem to be listening but, believe me, he wasn't missing a word. He came out with just the brightest remark! When I called the baby 'a precious 'ittle darling,' Father who just received the doctor's and hospital bill growled, 'Precious is right!' "

"Laugh? I thought I'd die! The way the baby's papa answered up when I asked him if he didn't think the child looked like mother. Quick as a flash he replied, 'Can't say as I do.' "

"I realize, my dear, that the baby is a mere infant still, but last night I got dreaming of her future while I was sewing and Richard was reading his paper. 'Just think, Dick,' I said to him, 'some strange man is coming along some day and marry this little girl of ours.' 'I hope to heaven one does,' Richard said to me, my dear. Imagine him thinking of that at his age!"

"Oh, but you should have heard what Papa said when the maid asked him if he didn't want to hold the baby a while. He didn't even hesitate to think. He came right out with, 'Not me!' "

"I've heard clever repartee, Mrs. Smythe, but nothing to equal a line my husband got off in the middle of the night. You see, I thought I heard a

noise, so I nudged him awake and asked, 'Daddy, was that the baby or what?' As he turned over and went back to sleep, my husband retorted positively and sweetly, 'Or what.' "

Nevertheless, there are moments—oh yes, there are—when a father may speak out to his son and impart instruction and edification. And he need have no reference to a book of knowledge.

THE KISSING COUSIN

(Complimentary Invocation to a Son, two years old, on first Noting Him Kiss a Fair Relative of Three)

With pride, my son, to be quite truthful,
I note this gallantry so youthful;
Who can deny the age of reason
Has dawned bright by a second season?
When one has kith and kin so pretty,
Why, not to kiss 'em is a pity;
I'm not surprised you took a dozen,
Now you have found a kissing cousin.

As she grows older, she'll be coy, sir,
Aware that sweets in surplus cloy, sir;
Yet not so chary with her bussing,
As other girls you may be fussing.
But should your wooing of them flourish,
They'll find you far from amateurish;
Because you've practiced—by the dozen—
On home grounds with a kissing cousin.

Though other's kisses have elation,
One may not know with a relation;
Yet there is this: on each occasion,
A cousin does not need persuasion.
I, too, once found—don't tell your mother—
A cousin saves a lot of bother;
Oh, peer of blessings by the dozen,
It is to have a kissing cousin.

When the male parent in the baby bunting poem swung another sort of a hunting trip, he went alone. I daresay he would have had little sport, had he taken the whole family along. Follows an application of that lesson.

CLASS BABIES—A MENACE

A Warning to College Fathers

THE first son born to a graduate of a college class is nominated the Class Baby. Well and good. A quaint custom, a good old tradition. But it becomes a heinous practice when carried out to the extent of bringing said infant—*and his mother*—to the first reunion of the father's class.

From year to year, mothers of isolated class babies have put in a surreptitious appearance, lurking in the grandstand at the baseball games and watching with fond concentration their firstborn toss the ball into the diamond. But they have been modest, shy and unobtrusive about it, and have known their place. They have spoiled only one papa's time, and that was his lookout and the penalty that went with the production of the class baby.

But more and more mothers are beginning boldly

to confer their presence on reunions. And where mothers slip in, what's to bar a brace of grandmas per kid, to say nothing of a bevy of aunts and other doting female relatives? Things may come to such a pass that the presence of a class baby upon the diamond may elicit such a chorus of "oh's!" and "ah's!" and "Isn't he cute?" as will put to shame the best efforts of the cheering section on the occasion of a mere home run.

When a mother brings a class baby, some other mother of a later date will be certain to want to bring her little darling. It will come to be a case of bring one, bring all. That joyous gathering of hale fellows well met once known as a college reunion will degenerate into nothing more than a baby show.

The bottle father has on the hip will be baby's. Classmate fathers will assemble in eager little knots to discuss formulae, not for home hootch, but for infant's diet.

Alumni will perch on the old fence to sing not the old college glees but tender lullabies.

Lively spirits whose escapades once were the delight of their contemporaries will go stumbling through class reunion headquarters in the wee, sma' hours, but they will only be walking the baby to sleep.

This is, of course, just an admonitory vision of a horrible state of affairs which may be the portion of the future. It is intended as no reflection on the class babies of the past. They were little pitchers but they did not have big ears.

But now with a bumper crop of prodigies, one may well be apprehensive in extreme. A class baby of today may prove to be a holy terror for perception, memory and general penetration. At the end of the reunion, he will be able to give an unobservant mother practically a stenographic report of everything that transpired.

"Mother," he will coo, "how Daddy did take on. You should speak to that man! And say, I thought these United States had a law on prohibition."

After such absences, a father is lovingly greeted by a mother who asks him if he had a good time. He admits it. She thereupon replies, "I'll bet you did, I know you!" The next thing to be found out is—does baby know him?

THE COUNTERSIGN

WELL, well, who's this? A strange man. We babies have to stand for a lot of 'em. I gather that he's been here before and has just blown back in after a long trip. Strikes me he's rather clubby with Mother. I trust he's a relative.

Here he comes to be introduced to me. There is something vaguely familiar about him. Gosh, he's all broken up because I can't place him. He looks as if he is going to weep. I'll swear he's a stranger to me. He must think I'm some other baby.

Everyone is consoling him. "There, there, you really can't expect a child of that age to remember you." "It will all come back to him after a while." "Don't worry."

Drat it. I must take some of these memory exer-

cises. I can't go all this fuss. Well, I must register somehow, though I haven't the slightest idea who the chap is. I'll do all my stuff for him.

Moo-moo? No, missed it that time. Try again.

Bow-wow. Wrong again. I was just experimenting anyhow.

Choo-choo? Ah, getting warm. Here goes for a last chance.

Da-da? That hit it! Now altogether, DA-DA!

Would you listen to all the racket by the ladies? "Oh, Daddy, the little thing *knows* you!" "Did you ever know such a brilliant child!"

I have it! It's my old man. He has been away some time. Can't say I've missed him overwhelmingly.

So that is Daddy. Maybe he doesn't seem tickled. He's producing a rather interesting toy and presenting me with it. Bet I'd have got it anyway. Maybe he has another. DA-DA!

Now I know why they've been poking that silly picture of a man in front of my face all the time.

"Training" may well be topped off with the observations hereinafter, observations in which neither time, trouble nor expense have been spared.

AMBITION AND THE BABE

A FATHER should early commence to bring up his children with the idea that nothing is impossible, strongly combatting mother's ill considered statement that father is. With the bright child,—and whose isn't?—little effort will be required. Nothing more, say, than presenting it with an untearable book. Baby must be made, however, to pick up the pieces.

The power of suggestion and emulation cannot be over-estimated in the young. When father returns from the golf links and announces in the hearing of baby with infinite pride, "Well, I broke ninety today!" he must not be surprised at later hearing a series of ambitious crashes from the direction of the china closet.

Putting the candy up "where baby can't reach it" is an excellent device to spur a child to rise to unsuspected heights. And it is almost sure, if only

enough candy is provided, to bring out something you didn't know baby had in him.

Baby's procedure is admirable with the kittenish maiden aunt who announces that she has never been kissed and is this little man going to break the record? "Never" is too strong a word—baby will not let that pass unchallenged, particularly since it has been made clear to him in advance that the effort will be worth his while.

The offspring's attitude toward his mush, that he can take it or leave it alone, may sometimes be influenced by father's crafty assertion that, man to man, he'd like to bet baby can't put away that whole bowl full. The knowing look in the infant's eye as he continues to refuse surely is proof enough that in the bright lexicon of a bright baby there is no such word as "can't."

It's "won't."

TRAVEL

"It's a wise father that doesn't travel with his own child."

—Old Proverb.

The hardy old pioneer days when babies were transported in covered wagons are (alas!) departed. Then people disturbed by a crying infant in the next berth, as it were, had only to turn the oxen out of line, and take a chance on the Indians. Now there is no escape. Fathers to whom blame may attach will do well to take another train.

TRAVELING WITH YOUNG

ALL the higher animals, with the possible exception of the kangaroo, seem to have a great deal of difficulty transporting their young from place to place. The lioness can do no better than seize her cubs by the scruff of their necks and carry them in her mouth, one by one. The hen is confined to frantic clucking as a means for mobilizing and moving her chicks. It is a curious commentary that man, the highest animal, for all his brain power, does so very little better. On the contrary, his civilization and his science have added rather than surmounted hazards.

The term, "man," is used, of course, only as de-

noting the species *homo sapiens*. The truly wise man himself will, as far as humanly possible, leave the business of transporting the offspring entirely to womankind. Whether the projected trip be by land or sea, the prudent and experienced male parent had best be able to say with Paul Revere, "And I on the opposite shore will be," for he will rest more completely and be altogether more comfortable there.

Sometimes, however, the exercise of such prudence is beyond the father's power. He must therefore be informed of what to expect. It will be the worst.

The juvenile philosophy of travel seems to be—when in want of something to do, eat. Father's jolly little day on the train is started by the appearance at the end of the car of the individual designated as the "news butcher," an epithet well earned, considering the effect of his wares upon the digestive tracts of the young. The peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum and candy, oranges, apples, bananas and pears, the ham and chicken sandwiches, the ice cream bricks (a spoon in every box), and the ice-cold drinks with which he continually and diabolically tempts the little ones and tries their guardian, is one of the severest hardships of the hegira.

The resulting damage explains why the railroads permit children to travel half fare. The other half is for the doctor.

The hungry, the yowling and the restless in the line of young traveling companions are much less to be dreaded than the fraternizing child. He is just too cute for words—you can tell it by the look in his mother's eyes. Of his own accord or, it is only fair to add, sometimes at the instigation of ill-advised persons, the child begins to circulate. He visits around from seat to seat. He sits on laps. He tests the strength of watch chains and necklaces. He obtains things to eat he isn't allowed to have. He sprints up and down the aisle, leans over the backs of chairs and tickles and makes the car just like one, big unhappy family.

From the point of view of the comforts and conveniences of the traveling public, what the railroads need is not government, but parental control.

Lullabies en route may quiet the restless child. Fellow passengers sometimes prefer the crying to the singing, however.

PULLMAN LULLABY

Rock-a-bye, baby, thy curtain is green;
Thy cradle's the steepest ascent that I've seen;
Thy canopy's low, as I've felt by the bump,
And the selfish old man in the lower's a chump.

Hush-a-bye, baby, in the car's top;
When the air brakes, the upper will rock;
When the train jerks, the baby will squall;
Up will wake passengers, porter and all.

In the line of less extensive journeys, the mere street car trip with young is not without its trials and tribulations.

ONLY FARE

IF knighthood still were in flower, any number of peaceable husbands would have to hire a steed at the nearest livery stable, arm themselves cap-a-pie, however that is, and ride out and encounter street cars.

"How now, caitiff," Sir Husband would address the conductor of each trolley he halted. "Art thou the churl who this very morn doubted the word of my lady when she saidst our youngling was but a babe in arms and should pay no fare?"

If he should happen to encounter the guilty conductor, there would be nothing for it but mortal combat.

But nowadays unknightly husbands soothe offended wives thus:

"Sorry a conductor was rude, dear. You should have taken his number and then I could have written the company."

Since that consolation sometimes fails to satisfy,

here is a plan to settle what may be called an age-old controversy.

Cut small doors in the sides of the car, like those which let the chickens in the coop or the cat in the kitchen. Children failing to squeeze in the exempt and half-fare doors, made just large enough to admit the eligible ages, are liable for full fare.

The following rules are to apply to street car court or vestibule procedure:

Conductors are limited to three peremptory challenges an hour.

Attorney for the defense is similarly limited on the plea, "But Willy is large for his age."

When the street car representative carries his point and obtains fares for the children, he is forbidden to leer triumphantly at the other passengers.

Likewise, all attorneys for the defense who win their cases, with or without reference to birth certificates as evidence, are warned they will be fined if they show contempt of conductor.

Over-age children who get stuck in attempts to squeeze through the small doors may not be removed without habeas corpus proceedings and promise by parents they will not require the street car company to defray the costs of new suits.

Nor is the battle over when baby has been brought to his destination, particularly when that is a hotel. Fathers who hear mothers recounting to friends such a tale as the following may well doubt that being tied up at the office is the hardship it is cracked up to be.

LOBBYING FOR THE YOUNG

WHAT! You have a hard time entertaining your children at a hotel? Why, my dear! It's not that way with my little Paul. I simply take him down to the lobby and the big sitting room and leave him to himself. He just plays and plays with everybody there except those bad-natured old cranks you find in every hotel. I can't help but think it's remarkable for a child of his age.

"It always amuses him to go around and collect all the ash trays. After he's emptied them in a flowerpot or mail box or somewhere, he has the dearest tea party with them. And would you believe it? He passes his make-believe cups around and makes all the old gentlemen reading papers or books stop and pretend to drink tea. He's so polite he offers it to them several times—as young as he is!

"Active! That child is never still a minute. I've had any number of people remark on it to me. When he isn't climbing over the backs of chairs he's in the writing room drawing pictures on the hotel stationery that make me think the little dear really has talent, or playfully jogging the elbows of cross folks who forget they were children once.

"You should hear him whistle with the orchestra. The child has taste. He never joins in when they are playing those loud, vulgar jazz things, but he always selects something quiet and classic when the violinist is soloing. I thought once I saw the creature poke at little Paul with his bow but I couldn't be sure or I would have carried the matter at once to the management.

"It's in the dining room, though, that he's really boyish and prankish. He has some tricky matches that explode which he slips in with the others and people don't suspect until they go bang in their faces. It's the same way with the paste-board chocolate eclair he sneaks on the pastry tray in the cutest way. And you should have been there the day he stuck the fork in the waiter! Laugh!—I though I'd die!

"Paul and I never stay long at hotels, though. Too much hotel life isn't good for a child."

Home, rather than hotel, life has its perils for the male parent. There the zero hour is more apt to strike, with its command for him to grasp the baby carriage handle and go over the top of the park for the Big Push.

PERAMBULATORS, F. O. B.

THE Big Baby Carriage Show was in full swing when I walked into the armory. I had never seen so many of the vehicles before in my life. Perambulators to right of me, perambulators to left of me. If filled by the usual occupants, how they would have been volleying and thundering!

A pleasant, paternal-looking man met me as I approached.

"Quite a selection, sir," he remarked.

"Rather," I agreed. "If placed end to end—but who ever places baby carriages end to end? Nobody knows better than I that you range 'em side by each on the chance that the babies reposing therein may get interested in each other and quit insisting on continuous pushing."

"I am one of the universal salesmen attached to

this exhibition," the man smiled. "I demonstrate all makes. Allow me to show you around."

I permitted and we moved ahead.

"Now here is one of the newer models," the Universal Salesman declaimed. "Note the feed tank. How convenient when one is touring and caught at baby's luncheon hour a good ten blocks' shove from home! You simply connect baby up with this nozzle and all is well. Marvelous, isn't it?"

I couldn't deny it.

"And what is this other attachment?" I inquired.

"That's the Kiddie's Kamping Kit," he explained proudly. "Includes everything necessary for a protracted outing. Why, an escorting parent by means of that kit could spend the night out with his young."

"He could?" I said with raised eyebrows. "What else is there?"

"There's this English make," the salesman indicated. "Massive body but beautiful streamlines. Smart, isn't it? Modish. Goes splendidly with a nurse of the same make."

"The trouble with these foreign cars," I objected, "is that it's sometimes hard to get the parts."

"True enough, sir," he answered suavely. "Well, here's a fine powerful perambulator. Three-passenger car"—

"You flatter me," I protested.

"Ah, well, nothing like a roomy tonneau. And note the modern improvements. Inverted fenders to catch all the toys the little one is so fond of tossing out on the sidewalk. Balloon tires to keep baby quiet and comfortable—if anything will. A muffler—if nothing will. A one-baby top. A—"

"Stop!" I cried. "That's the carriage for me. Lead me to the dotted line."

"Just one moment, sir," the Universal Salesman interposed. "I feel it is my duty to show you this little model. Plain, yes. Not entirely up-to-date, I must admit. Fairly expensive, too. But it is equipped with an innovation which has caused fathers who have attended this show alone to purchase it without a glance further."

"And what is that extraordinary attraction?" I asked sceptically. "This apparatus in the chassis?"

"That's it, sir. A most ingenious automatic brake. Locks the wheels tight whenever a father who has been asked to take baby out touches this secret button. The mother or the nurse has no difficulty, but when the male parent—"

My hand trembled as I wrote the check and my voice carolled as I told the salesman to send the carriage right around to my address.

ENTERTAINMENT

"Haste thee, Pa, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."

—Milton.

As a rule, papas may confine themselves to the financial end of parties for the children. Mamas generally are willing to bear the brunt of the actual conflict. The little one's "morning after" (also night) is the common care of both parents, as papa will be informed.

MENU FOR A CHILDREN'S PARTY

With Accompanying Remarks by Mothers on the Sidelines.

Noodle Soup

(Oh! Fine hot soup! So good for boys and girls. —Quietly, Billy dear!—Yes, every drop.—It'll make you big, strong mans.)

Olives

(No, Charles, they don't agree with you.)

ROAST BEEF

(Let mama cut it for her baby boy.—Slowly, Willie.—Gracious! On the tablecloth! Papa 'pank when we get home.)

MASHED POTATOES

(Mother doesn't eat potatoes because they make her fat, but you must, Peggy.)

CARROTS

(You must or you can't have a bit of ice cream.—You don't know what's good. Watch mother eat them. Yum-yum.)

ICE CREAM

(Don't be a piggy. It will be passed again,—Louise! Right in your lap! Your party dress, too. Of course your forehead hurts. You simply bolted your ice cream.)

CAKE

(Farnsworth Jones! Put right back on the plate two of those three pieces you grabbed. Nobody will think I've taught you any manners at all.—No, Ann, the candles aren't good to eat.)

CANDY

(Just one piece.—Yes, if you promise to be a good boy for a whole week.—What, Davey? Your tummy hurts? Well, say good-bye politely and tell your hostess how much you enjoyed the party.)

In between parties, it is, "Tell me a story, Daddy." How often has that command impinged on fatherly ears! The one heard at the club that afternoon is hardly apropos, but the modern child must have a modern tale.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FAIRY TALES

Have you heard about Aladdin and his wonderful old lamp?
He swapped a new one for it, did the clever, artful scamp.
He rubbed it and he battered it and scarred it up a week;
Then he sold it to a genii for a genuine antique.

Jack was a lad who always went at matters at their root.
He hewed a lofty beanstalk and he slew a giant to boot.
Today Jack would be famous with his name as household talk,
If he hadn't sold the army all the beans on that darn stalk.

A wolf, dressed as a grandma, tried to eat Red Riding Hood.
He whispered to the little girl how sweet she looked, and good.
He didn't fool Red Riding Hood, who made a quick escape,
For she knew a modern grandma'd only want that crimson cape.

There was a man named Bluebeard, who was cruel to his wives,

He wouldn't take divorces—he preferred to take their lives.
Fatima saw her spouse's morgue. She laughed, instead of sobbed!
"He won't hang my head by the hair—By gosh, I'll have it bobbed."

The spellbound sleeping beauty was a pretty little miss.
The Prince, and who can blame him, tried to wake her with a kiss!
"Arise, my love!" he conjured her, but faltered when she said:
"You boob, it's much too early. Have my breakfast served in bed."

When Cinderella lost her slipper, size 1 double A,
They said a prince had found it and was coming 'round her way.
The maiden worried greatly and she cried: "I stand to lose.
I fear he'll never wed me if he hears the price of shoes."

Now Puss-in-Boots was quite a cat. I think you'll all agree.
He won his master fame and wealth, a bride of high degree.
But when Puss walked the fence at night in serenading mood,
His master flung the boots at him (*boom, boom*). That's gratitude.

Among other stories told by sires is the one about having to work through the holidays, to such an extent has work piled up at the office.

THE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

AFTER the children have been made amply uncomfortable by a dinner ending with ice cream hatchets and candied cherries, the little dears may be urged to play some appropriate games. About half of them will at once announce, "Don't wanna play any old games." At that the mother of the little hostess will cry out with vast, if assumed, gayety, "But these are *new* games. And just think, boys and girls, this is George Washington's birthday."

Father who is home from the office for the holiday and has been prevented from escaping to club will then be signaled to strike up patriotic airs on the phonograph. When it runs down, the children dash away through the house. The child who has sat in the most chairs and mussed up the most beds by the time father puts in a new needle wins the prize. The game is called "Washington Establishes Headquarters."

When it is time for the little guests to go, father may be called upon to give a reading from Washington's Farewell Address during which all will depart quite willingly. It is high time, for the counterfeit merriment of the mother of the little hostess is just about exhausted. Other mothers will usher out their hopefuls. Prompted sternly, the little guests will declare they had a fine time and walk out under the floral arch over the door inscribed, "George Washington never told a lie."

Another holiday lesson, with a fine, double-barrelled, loaded-for-b'ar moral attached.

HOW WILL YOU HAVE YOUR EGGS?

THE Easter after the Christmas papa against mama's advice told the children there wasn't any Santa Claus is the psychological moment to break the news gently that rabbits absolutely do not come around and lay fancy colored eggs in nice little hiding places around the home. It is again against mama's judgment.

"How do you get the eggs then, Papa?" wail the disillusioned little ones.

"At the grocer's at more per doz. than I care to ante," is the proper reply.

"Oh!" they sigh in tones which smite the heart but spare the pocket book, one hopes.

Alas! It is not much later that papa is hoisted by his own petard. "You were Santy right along, Papa," the youngsters cry, "and so now you will have to be the Easter rabbit which isn't really."

So papa goes and buys the eggs and the dyes, too.

Needless to say, he is not aided by Mama. The house takes on the aroma of a vinegar factory and a chemical laboratory. Father has so much volunteer help from the young that he breaks more eggs and uses more dye than ever before. More successfully dyed than any of the eggs are his hands and he has to appear in gloves for a week. The children were formerly willing to admit an Easter rabbit had his limits. But not papa. Papa can always produce.

For days before Easter, papa dyed his daily dozen. The night before he conceals rainbows, batiks, pool balls and bad dreams in the shape of eggs until the small hours. Comes Easter and all the eggs must be hidden and sought several more times. For they all are easily found including the two that were not boiled quite hard enough and broke badly when papa stepped on them with his stocking feet.

Moral—Preserve the dear, quaint myths of childhood and never say dye.

More on the holiday subject, illustrating how both the dollar and the Indian sign are put on an unsuspecting parent.

THE MAY QUEEN'S DATE

"GEORGE, you'd best call little Mary Ellen early tomorrow. She's to be Queen of the May."

"I've never noticed any trouble yet about that kid waking up early."

"I know. But this might be just the morning she'd oversleep."

"How about the Queen Mother passing up breakfast in bed for once and routing out her royal daughter herself?"

"George! You know what the doctor said about my resting my nerves."

"Well, then how about the King of the May calling for the Queen? The King takes the Queen in every game I've ever played."

"Don't be silly. I doubt if there is a King. You ought to be proud that our daughter has been chosen from all the children to be Queen of the May."

"Oh, sure. But if it rains, the Queen doesn't."

"I think you're simply horrid. You don't want Mary Ellen to have a good time at all."

"Oh, all right, all right. I'll call her."

Early the next morning, Father rises, calls the Queen of the May and helps array her in an expensive costume obtained for the occasion. In the first-of-the month bills which arrive promptly at breakfast, he receives one for the costume at $47.50. *Exit Father leading the Queen and singing mournfully:*

"Oh, the King will take the Queen,
And the Queen will take the jack" . . .

"Christmas comes but once a year," was the pronouncement with which some ancient philosopher solaced himself. How father can get some comfort, if any, from that—

THE CHILDREN'S ZERO HOUR

At home it was the children's hour.
(I'd like to find out what hour isn't.)
A time when one renounces peace
And tries to answer every quiz sent.
The little ones sat on my neck
And questioned with their youthful charm,
"Say, Daddy, who's this Santy Claus?
We think the bird's a false alarm.
Why mail his letters in the fire?"
They asked. Alas! the sceptic's tone.
"If there was really such an egg,
You'd go and ring him on the phone."
And so 'twas under careful guard,
Perforce I grasped the phone receiver.
(No chance to bluff with hook held down
I had to play the gay deceiver.)
So "Information, please," I said.
And boldly spoke I on the line,
"Have you S. Claus's number, please?
For if you've not my kids have mine."

To "Information" then I vowed
A silver-plated mistletoe,
For cheerily her voice came back,
"His number's—Christmas Owe-Owe-Owe!"

It is not only over the telephone that sound carries well. Here is a case where the party line may be so busy it fairly vibrates.

PARTY ABOVE OR BELOW

YOU can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, says an old proverb. But can't you? They're doing wonders with synthetic stuff nowadays. Similarly, it might be said you can't give a children's party in a small apartment, but it can be done; it has been done, and more than once, too, though not in the same apartment.

Parents contemplating such a radical step persuade themselves into it by the following sophistries: They tell each other that in an apartment the child revelers cannot be lost, nor can they fall down stairs. After the Little Host and the Little Hostess have been arrayed in their party clothes it is impossible for them to go out in the yard and get dirty, there not being any yard. All in all, joy will not be anywhere near as unconfined as it might be. So the party is decided upon.

No sooner have all the Little Guests been bid than

the mother of the Little Host and Hostess begins to doubt her ability to fulfill the contract; she had a premonition that she will go down, doubled and redoubled. Provisioning the affair is enough to shake her resolution. There is to be supper for those present and each one has a different dietary arrangement. Some must have their carrots mashed, some chopped, some strained and some must be forcibly fed 'em. String beans are what the doctors ordered for others. Mush must be on the cards and the milkman has to make an extra trip the preceding morning to furnish the beverage for the occasion. Party ice cream and cake top off everything.

Between the departure of escorts who brought the late Little Guests and the arrival of escorts for those leaving early there is to be found here and there about the apartment some small portions of free space. The Little Host takes advantage of an opening to run and fall down and cut his lip. Elsewhere other noisy pastimes are under way. The Little Hostess who finds she prefers the present of each Little Guest to her own makes her feelings known on the subject most inhospitably and begins to take action.

Peace is obtained by an issue of lollipops all around, but peace at what price! In intervals while being consumed lollipops are parked on the furniture, preferably the upholstered. For days thereafter one

cannot sit without parts of one's person adhering to an erstwhile lollipop site. Being thus parked, the ownership of lollipops is confused—one Little Guest gets another's, which is all right if the trade is simultaneous; otherwise, not.

In case the hilarity seems to be subsiding toy balloons may be brought out at the psychological moment. Hitting each other over the head with these is rare sport, exceeded only by the merriment caused when one explodes in the face of the Little Hostess. More from her inability to understand the disappearance of the balloon than from fright, she bursts into tears. The Little Host chimes in, having fallen again and cut his lip. Nurses come for all the Little Guests who are not yet ready to go, causing weeping and stamping of feet.

A successful climax crowns the party in spite of all. The children who have descended to the apartment lobby for a farewell see a really truly ambulance come clanging up to the door. It is calling for the nervous lady who lives in the apartment underneath the party.

Finally a lament in honor of the average father, that human personification of an omitted third stanza. Let father here have the last word in this, his book. He may never get it anywhere else.

IF——

(*Add apologies to R. K.*)

If you can see wild chaos brought from order,
With all your choicest habits gone to smash;
If you can step down as the stellar boarder
And be content with ordinary hash;
If you have never even paused and wondered
When ordered up to charge as Night Brigade,
Then grant you are the "someone" who "had blundered."
If you should fail to still the serenade:

If you can fade out into half a fable,
And get about the credit of a stork;
If you can first feed others at the table
And don't mind getting jabbed at with a fork;
If you can be the judge and trusty jury
That hand unpopular decisions down,
Nor flinch when tears, appeals, revolt and fury
Are heaped upon your near-denuded crown:

If you can see some rivals steal devotion
Your wife reserved before for you alone;

If you can meekly second someone's notion
And cease proposing any of your own;
If you can be the one who takes the picture
And never sees *his* face in any one—
Then you've become that mark for household stricture,
The father of a daughter and a son.

APPENDIX

TONSILS

And Other Things Which May Be Taken Out at Father's Expense

At the last moment, it has come to the attention of the author that there is an occasion known as "Father's Day" and he feels he must comment on such startling news. Some bachelor told him about it.

ALMANACK FOR "FATHER'S DAY"

SOME set the date for this strange contingency in the early summer, but the more skeptical opine that, if it exists at all, it must fall on the Winter Solstice, the shortest day of all the year. Whenever it is, it is then that father is said to manage somehow to throw off the strong influence of the more conspicuous planets and fixed stars and momentarily snap out of a total eclipse.

As with other eclipses you must get up early to see father rise and shine, and it is wise for no one to observe father in this bright and peculiar aspect without donning smoked glasses. Grandmother alone, who can recall seeing him in a similar phase years ago, may venture to go without glasses, which is just as well, as she probably will have mislaid them somewhere.

While father is briefly in the ascendant, you may scan the constellations and remark Capricornus, the goat, nearby; also the sign of the Old Crab and the Poor Fish. Gemini, the twins, will be about to assert their usual dominance.

Father as usual will be about down to his last quarter and in his apogee, that is, farthest from the earth. There are those who will see to it that he gets down to earth again shortly.

Sires who are anxious to observe and enjoy their own emergence from eclipse are advised that it will be most clearly visible and evident from the northern part of Russia, Iceland, Greenland and the Arctic Ocean. Not a few think the trip is worth it.

While the Question Asking Age sets in a trifle after the period within the scope of this volume, advance notes on it should be welcome to father-founts of information.

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE ON THE HOOF

YOU will recall W. Shakespeare's mentioning the Seven Ages of Man or, at any rate, you can recollect the first two of 'em without undue mental strain and stress, and that is all we care about for the present purposes. Remember the infant and the way he took on in his nurse's arms? She certainly would not stay long with the family nowadays. Then the schoolboy, with his shining morning face? Certainly.

Well, focus your attention in between Age 1st and Age 2d; say Age 1½. There is the well known Question Asking Age. Missing that, the bard surely slipped up on the job of holding the mirror up to Nature. It is then the offspring is old enough to become terrifically inquiring, but not yet quite old enough to be sent to school where—thank heaven!—we are able to hire a set of martyrs who can answer

him and finally turn the tables by putting him on the embattled side of the information barricade.

Let the father whose son has arrived at that age beware. Let him take stock of himself to see where he stands, what he amounts to, just what he is. But then it is much easier for him to find out what he is not. Among the things he finds he isn't will be:

An animated 5-foot shelf of books,

A combination almanac and who's who in the flesh,

A handy set of pocket classics, or,

A book of knowledge on the hoof.

A father finds this out all too easily and one of the most inevitable methods of reaching the conclusion is escorting the son to a museum for the improvement of his (presumably the son's) mind.

There is always a museum handy at some time or other and there is no escaping the tour on the ground that there is no place worthy to display the scope of your talent as an information bureau. Go you must, sooner or later.

By the advice of those who have learned from experience, that stern teacher, it is best to escort the offspring to the museum on a pay day when a nominal fee is charged for admission. There will be fewer visitors on such occasions and consequently that many less witnesses of the father's probable discomfiture. (Note for the economical—They usually let the kid

in free.) The parent himself will have to make a disbursement, but it will be nothing beside what he would be willing to pay if they charged to let you out.

Enter, then, the repository of the lore, learning and assorted relics of the past. Scan the assembled bequests of our forefathers whom children generally stood too much in awe of to ask questions. The son's eyes widen and become preternaturally bright, a danger signal. It has knocked him cold for the nonce. But only for the nonce. And all the nonces we have known have been pretty short.

At that point many fathers fall into this common error in an effort to stem the flood of interrogation locked 'twixt childish lips.

"Shush!" admonished the foolish papa. "Everybody must be quiet in here. They don't like talking."

This feeble bluff lasts just about as long as it deserves to, which is a couple, maybe three nonces. The child notes other visitors talking to attendants. And then it's all over but the fast and furious thinking and the sharp cracking of question marks echoing and reverberating through the vaulted arches.

The father heads first for the armorial hall. Among the plumed knights, battle axes and two-edged swords, he believes he stands the best chance. About them he has a sketchy stock of knowledge which

may get him by. But the supply is not going to equal the demands.

"Daddy."

"Hush!"

"But, Daddy."

"Well, son," with resignation to the inevitable.

"Why did knights dress in suits like that?"

They're off! That first answer is easy. But the second question is tricky.

"Daddy, were knights ladies or gentlemen?"

"Gentlemen, of course. Why?"

"Well, who hooked them up the back then?"

"The ladies did, I guess."

"But (*more loudly*) when mother is going out to dinner, you——"

"Yes, yes. Not so loud. Things were different in the olden days. Besides Daddy isn't a knight."

"Oh." The inflection suggests that Daddy has sunk in the filial estimation by not being one. The tour continues, the father alternating answers with "Mustn't touch that." Father's first enthusiastic descriptions bristle with terms of knighthood-in-flower atmosphere. Knights armed cap-a-pie joust with lances couched, as heralds in their tabards blow flourishes on trumpets. Ladies fair in the pavilions watch the melee in the lists, while steel clangs on helm and the hoarse shouts of combatants fill the air. An un-

horsed opponent yields him and is chivalrously spared. At last the victor, despite the pleas of the Queen of Love and Beauty, rides from the field without raising his vizor, with no clew to his identity save the arms on his shield, which are three gules, rampant on a field of azure surmounted by a castle sinister, with the motto, *Nihil nisi bonum.* All that is great stuff, father assures himself. He is carried away with his own eloquence. But when questions begin to pour in on all the technical terms he has used, he is good and sorry. He finally dismisses it all with a "Never mind now."

But this is the series which hastily moves the expedition on into another section of the museum.

"Daddy, did knights wear those iron suits all day?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"And was it kind of hard to take them off?"

"Yes, indeed, it was."

"Then" (*triumphantly*) "what did they do when they itched?"

It is not well to tarry long in the Egyptian section of the museum. The young are all too ready to partake of the Egyptian obsession for the funereal. The youthful tourist admires the way mummies are bandaged and he will compare with that unfavorably the next dressing put on his sore finger. He wonders why a sarcophagus isn't a bath-tub. The general idea of

excavation appeals to him, and it will remind him to ask after that sandpile he has been promised in the country next summer. And the questions on death and the life hereafter are enough to stump a theological student, let alone a poor unmetaphysical papa.

The father, therefore, strides resolutely on with son in reluctant tow into the hall of statuary, there to behold new wonders.

"Here, my son," he declaims, "we have the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

"What Greece and who is Rome?" That is the opening of the barrage of questions which scarcely slackens for a minute. A statue can take a fearful lot of explaining.

"Why didn't all those people wear any clothes?" is the first poser.

"Well—well, they just didn't. They weren't used to it."

"Was it warmer in the olden days?"

Perhaps it was. Father clutches at that straw. Great lifesaver—the olden days.

The Discus Thrower provokes an inquiry as to why that bad man threw away the plates. The Laocoon group is sure to draw fire with the question why those naughty creatures are eating the gentleman and the little boys; father falls down on this, not being as adept as Homer at smiting the lyre. And far wiser

men than father have failed in studying the Venus de Milo to explain why, when, where and how the lady's arms got broken.

Even greater peril lurks in the examination of groups of sculpture. The young idea is apt to become fascinated with something in the line of Cupid and Psyche and demand that he be told the story which he feels sure is at the bottom of it. It is more than slightly embarrassing for a modest masculine parent to be observed lingering long with his offspring before a piece of erotic statuary. But there is no escaping and no short cuts in the story will be tolerated by the eager auditor whose appreciation may draw a crowd and place father in the uncomfortable position of an impromptu lecturer to a grinning ring of adult museum visitors. Willy-nilly, father must come through with the story of Cupid and Psyche, say, which, with interpolations, runs somewhat as follows:

"Once upon a time there was a girl named Psyche and as you can see she was quite a pretty girl. No, son, I told you that before. They didn't wear any clothes in the olden days because they didn't. Now where was I? Oh, yes, Psyche had some sisters. No, I don't remember how many, but they were mean to her, so she went off on a mountain alone to cry. Yes, I'm very sorry for her, but I wouldn't cry if I were

you. It's all over with. After a while, she heard a voice, but she couldn't see who was talking. It was Cupid—the young man there with the wings. No, he didn't wear any clothes, either, and he wasn't cold. Never mind that. He said, 'Don't cry, Psyche, I'll marry you.' What? He was a good, kind young man? Well—yes, I guess he was.

"So they got married. No, they didn't live happily ever after. Cupid was away all day and only came home at night. Where was he? At the office like me? Well—yes, sort of. It was dark when he got home and he made Psyche promise never to light the light and look at his face. Oh, I don't know why. But she promised. Always keep a promise, son.

"Well, everything was fine until Psyche met her sisters one day. Did they wear any—Never mind that. They said it was funny she didn't know what her husband looked like. She decided it was, too, so that night she got up and—Huh? No, they didn't have any little boy and I'm sure he wouldn't have made her get up to get him a drink of water, if they had had. Well, Psyche got up and lit the light and Cupid woke up and got angry and flew away. See him doing it. No, I don't know if he ever came back, and that's all the story. Come on, we're disturbing these people."

Thereupon exeunt angrily, father growing some-

what cross when son persists in knowing whether Cupid didn't even wear any pajamas.

Thus the museum is covered, with childish belief in father's omniscience diminishing by the yard. Then the persecuted parent finally succeeds in dragging his little questionnaire away from the repository of what is indeed a sum of human knowledge—little the worse for the subtraction of father's.

Father has learned, probably too late, that the only really dependable defense in such an ordeal as he has just endured is a gallant little supply of indisputable answers which may be summoned up in time of great need to put the quietus to any one of several general classes of filial queries. For the benefit of all fatherhood they are here set down.

Q. But who was Cheops, Daddy?

A. Oh, he was a man.

Q. But why did they do things that way?

A. They always did in the olden days.

Q. What's that picture over there?

A. I'll tell you some other time.

Q. Why did they make funny things like that?

A. Nobody knows, not even I.

With such ready answers and their variations, any father might lead the most curious of offspring into a museum without a qualm. But few are thus prepared. As a consequence, when mother on the re-

turn proudly greets the child with, "Well, Daddy knows everything, does he?" back rings the childish treble loud and clear:

"NO!"

BABY FOOD RECIPES

Which May Be Prepared by the Child's Father, If Worst Comes to Worst

Lime Water. Use unslaked lime (corresponding to your thirst) and not the fruit. Put some water in it and shake thoroughly all over the kitchen. Better not use a cocktail shaker if you value your life. Lime water makes nice, sharp teeth for baby, as you will feel later.

Barley Water. Mingle barley flour and water. Result—sticky paste on your best blue suit. Boil what's left of the mess for a while in a double boiler, whatever that is. Strain. (Yes, it certainly is.)

Gruel. Cook up some oatmeal or something. Add pinch of salt and no more, mind you, or you'll be up getting baby a "d'ink of wawa" all night.

Whey. Cook qt. skimmed milk at 105 degrees F., adding four teaspoons of liquid rennet. Cool, break up curd with fork, strain through cheesecloth, heat, cool, ice, etc., etc., until all wagged out. If disapproved by the wife, tell her for pete's sake to have her own whey.

Beef juice. Broil a juicy steak. Resist eating. Squeeze out the juice for baby. Sup on remnant.

Junket. This is pretty difficult. Congressmen fathers know best how to get away with it.

Prunes. Wash the things; in fact, soak 'em. Boil, forget, burn, get bawled out. If the kid won't eat them, try adding more sugar.

RECORD OF BABY'S PROGRESS

THIS may be kept by the father in the back of his check book, which will be of great assistance to the doctor in case of illness. The record should contain—and will contain, too, if the male parent is given half a chance—the following:

1. Food which the baby is taking and food which the baby is not taking. (Note—No use trying to balance the debits with the credits.)

2. A statement of the extraordinary characteristics of the child as mentioned by its mother.

3. Weight at the cribside. Weight after being lugged around through several nocturnal hours.

4. The development, as evidenced by the following phenomena:

   (a) Discovery of teeth. What a piker that guy Columbus was!

   (b) Creeping and walking and the dawn of the realization that the blessing of the infant's staying put is no more.

5. Any unusual or noteworthy occurrence, such as a grandmother of baby's inviting it to come and visit her all summer.

LIST OF COLLATERAL READING FOR FATHERS.

Wild Animals I Have Known—Thompson.
This Freedom—Hutchinson.
Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World—Creasy.
One of Ours—Cather.
The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table—Holmes.
How to Listen to Music—Krehbiel.
A Tale of a Tub—Swift.
The Age of Innocence—Wharton.
Arabian Nights Entertainment.
Bound to Rise—Alger.
Nightmare Abbey—Peacock.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage—Byron.
Kings in Exile—Daudet.
The Beggar's Opera—Gay.
The Wrecker—Stevenson.
Patience—Gilbert and Sullivan.
The Way of All Flesh—Butler.